

THE
PROLOGUE

AT THE

*Opening of the Theatre-Royal, the Day after
His MAJESTY'S Publick Entry.*

25. Sept. 1714.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

AT length, *Britannia*, rescu'd from thy Fears,
Renew thy Joys: Thy promis'd *KING* appears.
How did thy Sons, each Hour, with anxious Mind,
Consult the Skies, and importune the Wind!
How did they count each Wave, that caus'd his Stay,
Still rowling backward o'er the watry Way!
How did his Entry every Soul employ!
How strong the Transport! and how loud the Joy!

While You were zealous for your Sovereign's Right,
For Him We made our *Greeks* and *Romans* fight.
Oft as the Muse some God-like Hero drew,
Or set a virtuous Patriot to your View;

So

So oft we warm'd you in the BRUNSWICK Cause,
And fix'd a generous People to their Laws.

Though great the Dearth of Comick Fools will be,
And a thin Crop of Coxcombs we foresee;
Though Sense is like to thrive throughout the Land,
And all *French* Fopperies will be Contraband:
We not despair. Some Ridicule may rise,
Some modish Oddness, some bizarre Disguise:
So oft doth Rapture sober Sense destroy;
For Folly ever was the Child of Joy.
At least, for dear Variety, you'll chuse
Sometimes to listen to the Tragick Muse:
Here shall you sit, and solemn Silence keep,
Least you grow Wanton, and forget to Weep.
When such a Monarch comes to bless the Age,
No Sorrows shall be felt, but from the Stage.

F I N I S.

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